

SEVEN GOLD MEDALS CHARLES M. STIEFF.

IANOS.

At the different Fairs held in the South, in October and November, 1869, for the best Pianos, over eight different New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Pianos. OFFICE AND WAREROOM, NO. 9 NORTH LIBERTY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

BALTIMORE, MD.

TIEFF'S PIANOS have all the latest improvements, including the AGRAFFE TREBLE,
lvory Frouts, and the Improved French Action,
fully warranted for Five Years, to purchasers.
Second hand Pianos and Parlor Organs always
on hand, from \$50 to \$300.

Referees who have our Pianos in use:—Gen. R.
B. Lee, Lexington, Virginia; Gen. Robt. Ransem, Wilmington, N. C.; Gen. D. H. Hill, Charlotte, N. C.; Gov. John Letcher, Lexington, Va.;
John Burns, W. Eby, John B. Packett, Andrew
Aldridge and Thos M. Ishell, Jefferson Co., W. Va.,
60-Send for a circular containing names of 800
persons in the South, who have purchased the
Stieff's Pianos since the war closed.

TERMS LIBERAL: A call solicited.
March 22, 1870.

Wm. Knabe & Co. GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT Piano Fortes.

No. 350 W. Bal imore St. near Eutaw, BALTIMORE, MD.

These Instruments have been before the Public for nearly Thirty years, and upon their excellency nione attained an unpuschased free smineros, which pronounces them unequaled. Their

TONE rombines great power. sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as great purity of Intonation, and evenness throughout the entire scale. Their

TOUCH
is pliant and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many Pianos. In

WORKMANSHIP they are unexcelled, using none but the very best seasoned material, the large capital employed in our business enabling us to keep continually an immense stock of lumber, &c., on hand.

13-All our Square Pianos have our New Improved Overstrung scale and the Agraffe Treble.

We would call special attention to our late improvements in

GRAND PIANOS AND SQUARE GRANDS. PATENTED AUGUST 14, 1866, Which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 Years. Sole Wholesale Agency for CARHART & NEED-HAM'S Celebrated PARLOR ORGANS and CHURCH

No. 350 West Baltimore St., near Eutaw oril 25, 187-ly. BALTIM ORE. April 25, 187-1y.

Fountain Hotel, Camden Street, near Howard, BALTIMORE, MD. TERMS, 82.50 PER DAY.

THE undersigned, late proprietor of the Ma'thy House, has the pleasure of announcing to his rends, and the public generally, that he has leased no above Hotel for a term of years, and proposes making. making it
A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE.

This Hotel being convenient to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Depot, and also other business portions of the city, will be found as desirable as any other Hotel in the city for business men.

The House has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished throughout, and I hope by strict personal attention to business to add to the comfort of all those who may favor me with their patronage.

Having been proprietor of the Malthy House for a number of years, I leel confident of meeting all expectations of the traveling public, and all others. This Hotel being convenient to the Baltimore and

Pectations of the traveling public, and all others.

Very Respectfully,

November 16, 1869-1y.

A. B. MILLER.

Howwill House, Howard Street, near Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD. DANIEL WILE & SON, Proprietors. BOARD -- \$2.50 PER DAY. April 26, 1870 - 6m.

A. J. BRAND, JR., & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TEAS, AND

Commission Merchants.

Cotton, Tobacco, Grain, and all kinds of Country Produce. 147 Pratt Street,

(Opposite the Malthy House,) BALTIMORE.

WOULD respectfully call attention to large and new invoices of TEAS constantly receiving, including all grades Imperials, Gunpowders, Hysons, Twaukys, Oolongs, English Breakfast and Japans, at Importers' Prices.

Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce

Orders for all kinds of Merchandise and Farming Implements promptly filled. November 16, 1869-6m. J G. RIDENOUR,
Formerly of Hough, Ridenour & Langdon.
GEO. W. JANNEY JOHN L. JORDAN,
Of Virg nia Of Fred'k Co., Md.

RIDENOUR, JANNEY, & CO., General Commission Merchants.

FOR THE SALE OF Grain, Flour, Seeds, Pork, Bacon, Lard, Cotton, Rice, Tobacco, Leather, Wool, Feathers, Rosin, Tar, Turpentine, Ginseng, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. No. 41 South Howard Street,

BALTIMORE, MD. no- Orders for all kinds of Merchandise, Salt, Fish, Farming Implements, promptly filled.

REFERENCES.—Dan'l Miller & Co., Howard Cole & Co., Carroll, Adams & Neer. Steneburner & Richards, Hoffman, Staley & Co., and Drs. Clargett & Walls, Baltimore; John Janney, Esq., Leesburg, Va.; Lewis McKenzie, Esq., Pres't. A. L. & H. R. R.; Chas. W. Button, Esq., Lynchburg. Va.; Col. L. T. Moore, Winchester, Va., John R. London, Esq., Rockhill, S. C.; John H. Williams, Esq., Pres't. Frederick Co. Bank; Sam'l B. Preston, Washington Co., Md.

# TINNING ESTABLISHMENT.

HAVING purchased a complete set of Tinning vices of Mr. E. R. HARRELL, we are prepared to all kinds of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET IRON WORK, at our Ware-House in Charlestown. We will make to order, for Merchanis and others, all kinds of TINWARE, and keep a stock of Tinware on hand for sale. None but the Best Materials will be used, and all work promptly executed. TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING

will receive special attention. Repairing promptly done. We have for sale COOK & HEATING STOVES,

Of all kinds. November 16, 1869. McCURDY & DUKE. HAVE in store a nice lot of Blank Books, which we are selling at the lowest figures.

April 12.

W. S. MASON.

POILET Powder of our own manufacture, very A delicately perfumed and warrented to contain nothing deleterious, W. S. MASON,

# effecsom.

VOL. 22. BALTIMORE CARDS.

o to the ves

COLLEGE OF ACTUAL BUSINESS IN AMERICA.

The Bryant, Stratton & Sadler SOUTHERN

> No. 8 N. Charles Street. BALTIMORE, MD.

Organized and devoted entirely to PREPARING YOUNG MEN TO BECOME

BANKERS, MERCHANTS, ACCOUNTANTS, BUSINESS MEN GENERALLY:

THERE ARE NO VACATIONS. STUDENTS CAN ENTER AT ANY TIME. The patronage of this Institution is chiefly from the Southern States.

SEND FOR COLLEGE DOCUMENTS. Enclose two stamps. Address as above. April 26, 1870-1y.

to \$14 O 00 BUILDING 2 ER SPRING OVERCOATS at from DEPARTMENT.-Cloths, Caseim A Z OAH STOM for men

Cortlan & Co., Importers, Jobbers & Retailers of Plain White and Decorated FRENCH CHINA, DINNER DESERT AND TEA WARE.

ENGLISH STONE CHINA, DINNER DESERT C. C. WARE, French China, English Stone and C. C. CHAMBER WARE, CUT AND PRESSED GLASS TABLE CUTLERY, PLATED WARE, AND JAPANNED TEA TRAYS. Water Coolers, the "Davis" and other Refrigerators,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. 216 and 218 Baltimore St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Our prices are as low as any House in the coun-April 26, 1870-4m. CORTLAN & CO. JAMES FITZGERALD.

No. 51 North Gay Street, BALTIMORE, MD., MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN

Steel Line Engravings, Oil Paintings, Chromos, and Crayon Drawings. MOST carefully selected from Foreign and Do-IVI mestic designs. Large stock of Pier and Man-tel Glasses on hand. All kinds of Pictures Framed to Order with neatness and Dispatch.

HOTELS.

November 16, 1869-1v

Virginia Hotel, STAUNTON, VA. FRAZIER & SALE. (Late of Rockbridge Alum Springs,)

PROPRIETORS.

THIS Hotel is located in the business part of the city. Twenty-five Thousand Dollars have been xpended in remodeling and furnishing it with enirely new Furniture and Beds. Bathing Rooms, ine Bar, Billiard Saloon, and Livery Stables at October 12, 1869-1y.

JOHN M. LOCKE. Mas. MARY C. LUPTON. American Hotel,

HARRISONBURG, VA.

Tills well-known Hotel has been entirely rene-vated, and the new Proprietors promise that Guesta shall receive every comfort which wellstocked Larders, clean Beds, and attentive Servants TERMS, \$2.50 PER DAY. November 17, 1868-3m.

# REMOVAL.

THE undersigned, proprietor of the MARKLE THE undersigned, proprietor of the inches THE FARNSWORTH HOUSE, IDDLEWAY, JEFFERSON CO., WEST VA. His TABLE and BAR will be supplied with the best of everything In the market, and he hopes to merit and receive a share of the publib patronage. SAMUEL T. MARKLE. April 5, 1870-tf.

ENTLER HOTEL, SHEPHERDSTOWN, WEST VIRG'IA. J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor. July 17, 1866-tf.

# BARBER SALOON.

WHEN you wish a pleasant Shave,
As good as Barber ever gave,
Call on me, at my Saloon. Morning, eve or busy noon: Or any time when you can stay, And not in a horry to go away. My rooms are neat, my towels clean, My rooms are neat, my towels clean,
My scizzors, sharp, my razors keen;
And I move as true a hand
As any actist in the land.
Your Clothes Fil clean in quickest time,
And warrant them as good as prime.
Come one and all, both great and small,
And I will try to chave you all.
ne 7, 1870—1y. JAMES E. BRADY.

# Spirit of Jefferson.

DALGARN & HAINES, Publishers.

CHARLESTOWN, VA.

Tuesday Morning, July 19, 1870.

The Coming Railroad-One for Every County.

About six months ago we called attention to the remarkable success which had attended the working of a little railroad running from Port Madoc, in Wales, to the town of Festiniog. The distance between the two points is fourteen miles—the line of route being a rugged and mountainous, one with a succession of sharp curves and a continuous rise by gradients of, for the greater part, 1 in This road was built cheaply, is worked at a singularly low cost, and yet is found quite as effective for local travel and traffic as roads of a wider gauge and infinitely more costly construction.

The gauge of the Festiniog railroad is but two feet, or, to speak with extreme accuracy, only one foot eleven and a half inches. "The locomotives used on the road weigh about ten tons, coaled and watered, and the tenders a little over a ton. The passenger carriages are, for the most part, seated longitudinally, the passengers sitting back to back. This arrangement of course brings the centre of gravity immediately over the rails, and renders the wide projection of the carriages over the line on each side of comparatively little consequence. The carriages are about six feet wide and six feet six inches high in the centre, and each is seated for fourteen passengers. Diminutive though these vehicles are, they afford as ample and comfortable accommodation as the enormous carriages upon ordinary lines, and are in strong contrast with them in the much higher proportion they afford of "paying" to dead weight—the dead weight hauled on the Festiniog railway is, indeed, reduced to the utmost minimum. \* \* \* \* The carriage wheels are eighteen inches in diameter, and the floors of the vehicle only about seven inches above the roadway. The trains have a truly comical appearance, from the lowness of the floors and the invisibility of the wheels. They are much more like boxes upon

short rollers than ordinary railway or other wheeled carriages." So much for the road and its carriages. It might, however, be supposed that such a road, so equipped, would not be capable of carrying on a heavy traffic, and that it must be looked upon rather as a curious toy than as adopted to really useful, practical, every day purpose.— Nothing can be further from the fact. It is a road which has been for some years past in active operation. It carries daily a considerable number of passengers to and from Port Madoc, and a large amount of heavy freight -the latter consisting principally of valuable slate and building stone from the Festiniog quarries. The cheapness with which this road its stockholders, -not less than fifty per centum | to her name and building. annually-have led to the construction of sim. ilar roads in other parts of Wales. The attention of large numbers of capitalists and civil engineers has also been strongly attracted to the subject. About three weeks ago a party of "distinguished professional gentlemen" left London for I'ort Madoc to be present at a series of experiments which were instituted for the purpose of testing the relative powers of the engines in use on the Festinion road with x new locomotive which had been built for the same road by a Mr. Fairlie. The competition was to be between the "Welsh Pony"-that being the name of the best locamotive at work on the road-and Mr. Fairlie's "Little Wonder." The latter is doscribed as "a double bogie," being composed of two engines on one frame, both exercising tractive power. The little ten-ton locomotive "Welsh Pony" was put to work, and after various tests it was found, as the maximum of its power, to be capable of drawing easily thirty-one slate trucks weighing seventy-seven tons up a grade of one foot in eighty-five.-Looking Glass & Picture Frames, The "Little Wonder," weighing nineteen and a half tons, was next tried. It was voked to a train of 125 trucks, seven passenger carriages, and a boat carriage. The weight of the train was 114 tons, 1,400 weight. Its length was 380 yards. "It might have been feared," says a correspondent of the London Telegraph, "that such a diminutive affair as the 'Little Wonder' would have been beaten the constantly recurring sharp curves of the mountain, overcame the gradients with perfet ease, and made the entire journey from Port Madoc to Festiniog (fourteen miles) within less than one hour. Among those who witnessed this remarkable feat were English offiand the Northern Punjauh railways, and The final test was the relative consumption of

cers connected with the Public Works Department of India, royal engineers from Bombay, civil engineers representing the Madras other civil engineers from Brazil and Canada. coal. In this respect also the Fairlie engine demonstrated its superiority by showing a saving over all other engines of fifty per cent.

Here, then, we have a railway which may be constructed for a few thousand dolars a mile, and the cost of whose equipment is a mere trifle. As a local road, connecting with a main line, it can be built more cheaply than a common plank-road, and from the lightness of its rolling stock is subject to very little wear and tear. Such a road might be built by neighborhood cooperation anywhere. It market: it would largely enhance the value of the lands through which it passed; and if properly managed it would pay to the stockholders from the very outset a handsome profit on their investment - Baltimore Gazette.

on the weight hauled.

HARNESS BLACKING .- A correspondent of the Field gives the following receipt for harness blacking, which he has used for several years, and is perfectly convinced of its excelence: "Beeswax (shred fine) eight ounces, turpentine sufficient to cover it; let them stand till the wax is dissolved (three or four days;) ivory black four ounces, olive oil (I use neats foot oil) two ounces. Prussian blue two ounces. Rub the ivory black and Prussian blue well together to a fine powder in a mortar; then add the oil and gradually the other ingredients and thoroughly mix them. If it gets hard by keeping, soften with turpentine and have only one brush used-one end for blacking, the other for polishing.

Negro Election in Lewisburg.

CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY. JULY 19, 1870.

Lewisburg has had a magnificent municipal election. It was a glorious illustration of the power of a free people and a free gov-

ernment, with a free ballot.

Everybody in this State knows Old Joe Caldwell. He is known as a virulent and violent slave owner, slave trader, and slave hunter during the early days of the war, and a most fanatical and relentless persecutor of decent white men since its close. Joseph is Governor Stephenson's pet register. The Governor last year succumbed to the pressure of public opinion and pretended to turn Joseph out of his place as President of the Board of Registration for Greenbuier. But removal was "not for Joe." By a private understanding between him Governor and himself, one of those holy covenants which, operating unseen and unsuspected, bind kindred souls in common purposes and labors, Caldwell kept his position. He keeps it still. Keeping it, he was enabled to arrange the late Lewisburg election to his own satisfac-

Lewisburg, with twelve of fifteen hundred white inhabitants, had at the election last Fall but four white votes registered. Caldwell had cleared the lists of the balance, for the sufficient reason that they would not vote for him. To these four, Joseph added, for the late election, every lazy, ragged, drunken, stealing, black vagabond in the neighbor hood, from whom he could extort the promise of a vote. When this election was held, he presided, took the votes of the vagabonds as they came in, permitted no white men to vote, carried the ballot box home, counted them to his satisfaction, and then proceeded to declare himself elected Mayor of the town, while his familiar knave Cox, and three negroes equally worthless and low, received the places of common councilmen. This places one of the best towns in the State, the peace and prosperity of one of the finest communities of the State, at the mercy of a consummate old reprobate, Joe Caldwell, and four other knaves, one white and three black, who stand ready to second all his schemes of rascality and petty despotism.

No better comment on the Radical policy in West Virginia can be had than this same Lewisburg farce. Is it not time to put an end to such scandalous proceedings by the abolition of Radicalism.

[ Charleston Courier.

# Fulton's First Steamboat.

A correspondent of the Geneva Courier relates the following story of the Kate Morgan, the little steamer which for more than a generation has plied on Cavuga Lake, her owners obeying the behest of the first proprietor, to "run her till she busts" :-

Before the Chancellor Livingston stemmed the current of the Hudson, yet after the little Clermont had stirred the quieter waters of the Collect Pond, the whistle of the Kate Morgan awoke the echoes in Tanghanie Glen, and her was built, the peculiar lightness of its equip-ment, and the handsome profits it has paid to bridge. There is a bit of romance attaching

Old General Morgan of E fame, had a noble estate on the eastern bank of the lake, not far from where the present Wells College now stands. Between his only daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, and young Fulton had long existed a tender attachment, which, however, the poverty and obscurity of Robert led the General to severely frown upon. Fulton went to New York. He labored long years in perfecting his invention; his day of triumph came; and then he wrote to the stern father relating his success and asking for the daughter's hand.

"Nay," wrote back the incredulous old soldier, "I'll believe what I see with my own eves. Come you back, scapegrace, to the lake; build and sail a steamboat past my own door, and then, and not till then, shall you

have my daughter Kate." Need I say that Fulton came joyfully back. that a steamer was built as rapidly as circumstances would permit, that she was launched, and in due time did sail triumphantly past the General's door! But let me add that, according to an express stipulation made by the sly Robert in case he succeeded - when the Kate Morgan sheered in towards the General's dock a small boat was seen pushing out containing the original Kate, her grim father, and a gentleman in clerical vestments. They were soon on board, and there, amid the waving of the flags, the ringing of bells, and the blowing of whistles, the proud inventor and by such a load and such a road, but it was | his prouder bride were made one. A glorious not." It glided with perfect smoothness round . sweep up and down the lake completed the first bridal trip by steam ever known in this country.

Before we leave this historical boat let us go below a moment. Here are the old fashioned engines, inscribed "Treman, Cartwright & Co." They were the first engine builders in the United States, and furnished both Fulton's and Fitch's boats. Cartwright was the father of the well known Peter Cartwright, the Western backwoods preacher.

Glance now at the cabin. Its upholstering was furnished by A. T. Stewart, at that time an enterprising young tradesman, keeping a little seven by nine shop in Chambers street. Though the lustre of the goods has long since passed away, its durability remains to attest to the honesty and good judgment of the young dealer, and by which he has since risen to be the foremost merchant of our country.

TO REMOVE A TIGHT RING .- Rings are often left on the fingers until they are half buried in a deep crease, and it is next to impossible to remove them. The arm should be elevated and the finger soaked in icewater would cheapen the cost of transportation to a for ten or fifteen minutes, then immediately annointed with glycerine, and the ring slipped If this fails, the finger should be very tightly wrapped in fine strong, well-waxed sewing silk; the end of the silk should be slipped beneath it with a blunt bodkin, and then as the string is unwound, the ring will be forced down. Sometimes even this does not succeed, and the ring has to be filed off; or what is far better, thoroughly cleansed with ether, and rubbed with quicksiver for some minutes, when it will readily fall to pieces, and can be thus removed without pain, delay, or exertion.

COLDSLAW .- Mix together the yolk of an egg, a small portion of cream, a lump of butter, a little salt, and some vinegar. Boil all together, and pour it over the slaw.

- What class ought never to die with consumption? Merchants, with strong iron chests.

#### POETICAL.

LITTLE BLUNDERS.

I have a cheerful word to-day,
My modest friend, for you.
About those awkward little things
We sometimes say and do;
Ne'er let a harmless blunder tinge
You're not alone in such mistakes,
For thousands do the same.

Now, should you woo a lady fair,
And think her warm and true,
But learn some day, to your surprise,
The flame was all in you;
Then laugh you, too, if others laugh,
And crush chagrin and shame;
For greater men than you and I
Have done the very same. Have done the very same.

Or should you hope to charm the town With sweet, poetfe strains,
And when the grand attempt is made,
Get laughed at for your pains.
Stand up before the witty world;
You've still your honest name;
Dou't care a pin; a host of men
Have done the very same.

Or if to some imagined friend
Your tale of woe you bring,
And 'stead of sympathy or aid,
Receive the scorpion's sting;
While learning to be more discreet,
Mind not the grief and shame;
For shrewd and houest men, my friend,

Have done the very same. In short, whate'er your blunder be,
Hide not an honest face;
Yet strive to act, in word and deed,
With dignity and grace;
But when the thing is said or done,
Think not of shame or blame;
But rather say, "Why should I fret?
Good men have done the same."

But should you ever slight the source
Whence truth and justice spring,
And from your manhood stoop to do
A mean, unworthy thing,
Then hide your face from heaven and earth.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. GOODMAN'S PATIENT.

And weep for very shame;

For Nature's honest man, my friend, Has rarely done the same.

BY LEONA. Mr. Alfred Turner, the gifted orater and aspiring lawyer of Wisdomfield, was a fortunate man. At college he carried off the highest honors, although he was not a hard student. Success attended him in his profession as well as in love matters. He had wooed and won the most charming young lady

in Wisdomfield, and his only child, a girl of six, was a perfect prodigy! She could speak French and English, could analyze flowers, bound every State in the Union and give their Capitals. She knew the populations of the great Cities. She was studying Grammar and History. Such a wonderful child!

There was but one drawback to the fond parents' happiness, and that was, in spite of all their care and pains, the little girl grew more delicate each day, and seemed to be vanishing into a shadow! The gossips of Wisdomfield said the child

could not live. "No; she has too much brains to live;" and they shook their heads sorrow-Mr. Turner determined to consult Dr. Goodman. This eccentric physician could cure

he man's influence, that his name seemed to have power to frighten away disease! His patients declared that they felt better at the ery moment that Dr. Goodman was sent for. In answer to the fond parent's summons, Dr. Goodman called and found his little patient languidly reading. He seemed deeply impressed as he took the child's emaciated hand into his plump, brown palm. Mrs. Turner said, with a proud emphasis:

"Doctor, our child is not like other chil-"Humph!" exclaimed the physician. "She does not play with or care for children, but talks of things far beyond her years,'

continued the fond mother. "Humph!" ejaculated Dr. Goodman, as he brushed away a tear with his coatsleeve Mrs. Turner saw the action, and a wild terror seized her heart. Was her child dving. that this strong man wept? The startled father seized Dr. Goodman's arm, and ex-

claimed wildly: "Tell me, is there no hope for my child?" Dr. Goodman wiped his eyes, blew his nose, and put on his glasses, as he said :

"Hope! Yes, if you follow my advice." "We will do anything," exclaimed both parents in one breath. "Are you sure of that?" asked the eccen-

trie physician. "Sure! would we not die for our dear little Dr. Goodman smiled, and seemed lost in

thought, and thus soliliquized: "Yes, they are killing her. This little embryo woman will die just as my child did -just as thousands of other children die; or perhaps she may linger through life a helpless invalid. Will they listen to me? I will make the effort, but may get little thanks for

my pains.". The parents gazed at the physician with astonishment. Dr. Goodman turned to them,

"You manifest a willingness to be guided by my advice. I know of no better way of explaining myself than by telling you a true story of a blighted life. This story is so fixed in my mind that I think of it every hour of my life. I will sketch it for you in the shape of a tableau.

"The curtain rises and discloses a pretty

picture—a young father and mother and a dear little child. How happy they are! The father is teaching his wee girl to read. how his eyes flash as the infantile lips lisp the long words! Admiring friends exclaim :-"What a prodigy !"" "The curtain drops, only to rise again, on

another picture. The little girl of four years is now sixteen. Beautiful, budding, bright sixteen? No; pale, weary, haggard sixteen Her form is slender; her eyelids droop. She is talented. To-day is her graduation day; her examination was faultless; she is crowned with the laurel wreath! Father and mother are there, proudly looking on. They have been rewarded for their toil and pains. Yet they gaze anxiously on the form and face of their daughter and wish that she had somewhat more body. "The curtain again falls, and then rises on

the last scene. In a luxurious home, where wealth had contributed every adornment, lay the corpse of a woman.

"Only twenty-three years have passed over her head, yet the drawn, haggard face had grown old with suffering. Death set his seal on the brow of the laurel-crowned maiden .-Good Christians crowded around the hereaved women-one burn to keep a secret, the other

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their daughter taken ? Their only child, who had all that wealth could give? Too bright to live ! Too much brain-too little strength. What mattered it now that she once solved the most difficult problems of Euclid ? That those pale lips and that icy tongue had once spoken many languages? They are silent now-happy, happy child ! A merciful God took her home.

"Do not blame me, friends, when I weep. The vision of my dying child is before me -I have shown you three scenes in the tableau of my life."

When Dr. Goodman arose to go, there were tears on the mother's cheeks, and firm resolve

in the father's eyes. Two years have past, and little Belle is playing in the medow with a merry group of children, searching for the four leaved clover. See, she has found it; the beacon of good fortune. How her bright eyes flash as she waves her trophy above her head. She knows but little of Franch, and has forgotten how to analyze a flower; but she can tell you the working bee from the drone; the red bird's and the wren's notes; and where the sweet smelling wild flowers grow. What if her face sunburned? Is she not a prodigy? Certainly,

finding of the four-leafed clover. Dr. Goodman still lives, and the gossips of Wisdomfild love to tell how he miraculously cured Belle Turner, and the little girl is always called "Dr. Goodman's Patient!"

her fond parents think so, as she tells them

of the pleasant play in the meadow, and the

#### There is No End.

Light traverses space at the rate of millions of miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed a star tice, he fled to Wisconsin, and there worked two thousand three hundred times further on the Black and Chippewa rivers. Afterdistant. The great telescope of Lord Rosse pursued the creations of God still deeper into space, having resolved the nebulæ of the milky way into stars, discovered other system of stars-beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss-when he saw these systems scattered throughout spacewhen he reflected upon their immense distance, their immense magnitude, and the | in every house where he would rest there came countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as if the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

glory of my house." And to his angels, who stood about His throne, He said, "Take him, strip him of his robe of flesh, cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart-the heart that fears and hopes and trembles."

A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sound of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements. Sometimes on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length from and steers that he might have a little money a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic to supply his wants while awaiting trial. In of heaven, light beamed upon them, a sleepy due time there came a requisition from Virflame, as seen through a hazy cloud. They ginia, and Stanley was taken back to the scene any curable disease; indeed, so potent was sped on in their terrible speed to meet the of his crime, where, upon his own repeated of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again, on the right hand and on the left, appeared more constellations. At

last the man sunk down, crying-"Angel, I can go no further; let me down into the grave and hide me from the infinis-

tude of the universe, for there is no end." "There is no end !" demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars shone around there came a choral shout, "There is no end!" There is no end !" demanded the angel again; "and is it this that awes thy soul?answer, There is no end to the universe of God! Lo, also of Him who made it there is us this day our daily bread." no beginning!"

# "Prepare to Meet Thy God."

From this text the Rev. Wm. Friend, one of the ablest and most eloquent divines of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, preached a sermon some days since. Hardly had he left the church before the summons came-he cold frowns of life, kneels beside him, on the fell in the church yard and lived but a few eve of his departure, and pleads: "Lead him hours. We give below some extracts from not into temptation, but deliver him fromhis last appeal to his beloved congregation :

"It remains only for me to state the question, when should we prepare to meet God? You can readily anticipate what I would say; you know what the Bible demands on this point. You have often heard the arguments and commands which call upon you to do it now-to attend to it to day-to defer it no longer. You are familiar with the fact that the Bible requires it to be done at once; and that it demands that everything else should give way to this your great concern-that the present may end your day of probation, and that there is small probability that preparation will be made on a dying bed.

"I might content myself with laying this command across the path you are pursuing-'Prepare to meet thy God.' I might go to the Bible and bring appeals and warnings without number, all pressing the point, 'Pre-pare to meet thy God.' I might take you to the sinner's death bed, and pointing you to the sad scene, say to you, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' I might ask you to recall the cases of sudden death, when some friend or relative has been swept in a moment from the land of the living, and while the impression is still vivid, say to you, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' I might ask you to go with me to the graveyard, and to call to mind as we stand there the image of some departed relative, or the warning of a sainted mother, and say to you in that solemn scene, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Or I might attempt to describe the scenes of the last day-the rising dead, the descending Judge, the throne of judgment, the terrors of the sinners forced to appear before the bar of judgment-the sad doom which awaits them-and, standing by anticipation amid the solemn scenes, I might say to you, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

"Methinks the simple warning of the text ought to be sufficient to move you all to attend to this thing now. I would therefore simply warn you as your minister to be ready for death-were it my last breath I would spend it in saying to each one of you, 'Prepare now to meet thy God.' Let not the day which is now hastening to its close, pass without your having done something-without at least your having uttered one heartfelt prayer that you may be prepared to meet your God."

- The difference between sealing wax and parents with consoling words. Oh, why was to tell it.

## Rates and Terms ADVERTISING.

### A Prison Story.

Nearly seventeen years ago, early in the winter, a wealth and respected gentleman named Peyton, of Cabell county, in the State of Virginia, was mysteriously murdered in his own house, and as justice could not detect, nor suspicion indicate the murderer, the victim, went to judgment unavenged by human law. The kinsmen of the dead and his many friends spoke long and bitterly of the deed of blood, and speculated vaguely as to its purpose, but years rolled on without revealing the arm that had dealt the dastard blow, and at last the crime was forgotten. That is it was forgotten by man, but in the breast of the assassin dwelt a sleepless guest remembering all. Conscience slept not when the deed was done, and from thenceforth the guilty wretch was doomed to tread the earth with one sentence ever sounding in his ear-"A life for a life !"

There could be but one sequel. On an fternoon in the summer of 1860 a miserablelooking man drove into the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, in a small eart drawn by a yoke of teers, and at once inquired for the sheriff .-He was not ah old man, yet his brow was furrowed with wrinkles. He did not appear to suffer poverty, yet all his aspect was poor and wretched. When saluted his only response was an inquiry for an officer of justice. Some one directed him to a magistrate's office, whither he went with the air of a man on his way to the scaffold. A deputy sheriff re-ceived him, and surprised by his manner, asked his business. The answer was:

'Arrest me ! I am charged with murder !'
Then he told the story of his guilt. Six years before, the murder of Mr. Peyton was his crime. He had a residence in Ohio at the time; but, to escape the tracking of jusward he worked in the Lower Sauk rapids, on the Red river, at Pembina, and finally went to Minnesota. In all his wanderings there was a terrible accuser within him, hearing one word "murderer" in the rustling of forest leaves, in the roar of the angry river, in the crackling of tall prairie grass, and in the hum of the market place. In every man who addressed him, he saw a possessor of his secret, red stains on the floor. The hand of justice had not branded him with an iron grasp, nor the law sentenced; yet to him the bright sun, God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying—

"Come up higher, and I will show thee the law that had tried and doomed him.

Thus hunted through the world by spectres bresking from the grave of virtue in his own soul, he had at last resolved to bear death rather than madness, and demanded from his fellow men the rightcous penalty of a deed making him a coward, "compared with whom the timid hare were fearless." After hearing his confession the sheriff at once took the unhappy man into custody, and telegraphed the authorities of Cabell county, Virginia, to send for him. The prisoner gave his name as Stanley, and desired the officer to sell his cart confession, he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. In that prison he lately died, remorseful to the last, and as sincere a penitent as ever offered atonement for the shedding of blood .- New York World.

THE LORD'S PRAYER .- A maiden knelt in the twilight hour and clasping her hand fervently breathed forth; "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name."

As earley beams of the orient gild the sleeping land, a widow with her suffering little ones chilled by poverty and woe, bows at the throne of grace and fervently prays: "Give A mother in great agony and grief gazed

on her child, sleeping her long last sleep, a smile wreathing her soft lips, and white hands folded across that still and pulseless heart, and kneeling there, the living beside the dead, she prays : "Thy will be done." An aged father, as his loved and loving boy goes forth from his parental eare to brave the

evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, : n l the glory, forever. Amen." WARNING TO THE INTEMPERATE .-Charles Lamb tells his sad experience as a warning to young men in the following lan-

"The waters have gone over me, but out of the black depths, could I be heard, 1 would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first cup is delicious, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is to see his destruction and have no power to stop it; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet be unable to forget a time when he was otherwise : could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could be but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

-There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grand-chiliren in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven.

"Don't want to go to heaven, my son !"

"No, ma, I'm sure I don't." "Why not, my son?" "Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will." "Well. just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, Where ! where ! when ! what are these boys here for ? I don't want to go to heaven, if grandpa is going to be there."

A man having been brought before a Dutch Justice of the Peace in Albany county, on a charge of having four wives, the astonished magistrate exclaimed, "You let dat man go. If he lifs mit four wives he has got punishment enough. I lifs mit only von, and dats more'n I can shtand !"

- A Kentucky sheriff has notified the tax payers in his district that he is "tyred of duning for taks," and that taks-paiers of to know tha ot to pa without biung duned."